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THE

Aldburgh

C O N N E C T I O N



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
FACULTY OF MUSIC

present

Discovery Series

Walter Hall, Tuesday, November 11, 2008, 7:30 pm

Aviva Wilks
soprano

Frank Mutya
tenor

Jeremy Ludwig
baritone

Bruce Ubukata
piano

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The **Discovery Series** presents talented young singers in the Faculty of Music's graduate and undergraduate vocal programmes at the University of Toronto. Applications are invited in the spring and the participants are selected after auditions held jointly by the Faculty and the Aldeburgh Connection. The second of this season's two recitals will take place on Tuesday, February 10, 2009, and will feature Catherine Marchant (soprano), Mia Harris (mezzo), Patrick Jang (tenor) and Giovanni Spanu (baritone).

Three songs by W.Denis Browne (1888-1915)
(tenor)

Today is Remembrance Day and we could not ignore this date in planning our programme. It is an understatement to say that war and its aftermath have had a significant effect on the artistic productions of the last ninety years. Tonight's concert begins with three songs by a little-known composer, W.Denis Browne, who was killed in action at Gallipoli in 1915 at the age of twenty-six. He could have been a crucial figure in the development of new music in England after the war - he had already given the first London performance of the piano sonata by Alban Berg. At the same time, his interest in the past was intense. These songs all set sixteenth or seventeenth century poetry, and *To Gratiana* is based on an anonymous Allmayne in *Elizabeth Rogers's Virginal Booke* of 1656.

Diaphenia (*Henry Constable*)

Diaphenia like the daffadowndilly,
White as the swan, fair as the lily,
Heigh ho, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as my lambs
Are belovèd of their dams:
How blest were I if thou would'st prove me.

Diaphenia like the spreading roses,
That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,
Fair sweet, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as each flower
Loves the sun's life-giving power:
For dead, thy breath to life might move me.

Diaphenia like to all things blessèd,
When all thy praises are expressèd,
Dear joy, how I do love thee!
As the birds do love the spring,
Or the bees their careful king:
Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me!

Epitaph on Salathiel Pavy, a Child of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel
(Ben Jonson)

Weep with me all ye that read

 This little story:

And know, for whom a tear you shed,

 Death's self is sorry.

'Twas a child, that so did thrive

 In grace, and feature,

As Heaven and Nature seemed to strive

 Which owned the creature.

Years he numbered scarce thirteen

 When Fates turned cruel,

Yet three filled zodiacs had he been

 The stage's jewel;

And did act (what now we moan)

 Old men so duly,

As, sooth, the *Parcæ* thought him one,

 He played so truly.

So, by error, to his fate

 They all consented;

But viewing him since (alas, too late)

 They have repented.

And have sought (to give new birth)

 In baths to steep him;

But, being so much too good for earth,

 Heaven vows to keep him.

To Gratiana dancing and singing (*Richard Lovelace*)

See! with what constant motion

Even, and glorious, as the sun,

 Gratiana steers that noble frame.

Soft as her breast, sweet as her voice

That gave each winding law and poise,

 And swifter than the wings of Fame.

Each step trod out a lover's thought

And the ambitious hopes he brought,

 Chain'd to her brave feet with such arts;

Such sweet command, and gentle awe,

As when she ceas'd, we sighing saw

 The floor lay pav'd with broken hearts.

So did she move, so did she sing
 Like the harmonious spheres that bring
 Unto their rounds their music's aid;
 Which she performed such a way,
 As all th' enamoured world will say:
 The Graces danced, and Apollo play'd.

Five songs by Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)
 (soprano)

Ralph Vaughan Williams was the longest-lived of the composers in tonight's programme. He served as an artillery officer in the First World War and felt keenly the responsibility on his creative shoulders when so many of his colleagues did not return to England at the war's end. *The New Ghost* is an expression, in the composer's most mystical vein, of sorrowful wonderment at the death of a friend. The settings by Shakespeare and Fredegond Shove were all premiered at the same concert in March 1925. *Silent Noon* (1903), one of Vaughan Williams's pre-war successes, comes from a song cycle, *The House of Life*, to poems by Rossetti, the Pre-Raphaelite painter and poet, and reminds us of the composer's strong roots in the nineteenth century.

Orpheus with his lute (William Shakespeare)

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
 And the mountain tops that freeze,
 Bow themselves, when he did sing;
 To his music plants and flowers
 Ever sprung; as sun and showers
 There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
 Even the billows of the sea,
 Hung their heads, and then lay by.
 In sweet music is such art,
 Killing care and grief of heart
 Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

When icicles hang by the wall (*Shakespeare*)

When icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail,
 When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl
 - Tuwho, Tuwhit, Tuwho, a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl
 - Tuwho, Tuwhit, Tuwho, a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Silent Noon (*Dante Gabriel Rossetti*)

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass,
 The finger points look through like rosy blooms:
 Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and glooms
 'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.
 All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,
 Are golden kingcup fields with silver edge,
 Where the cow parsley skirts the hawthorn hedge.
 'Tis visible silence, still as the hour-glass.

Deep in the sun-search'd growths the dragonfly
 Hangs like a blue thread loosen'd from the sky:
 So this wing'd hour is dropt to us from above.
 Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dow'r,
 This close-companion'd inarticulate hour,
 When two-fold silence was the song of love.

The New Ghost (*Fredegond Shove*)

And he cast it down, down, on the green grass,
Over the young crocuses, where the dew was,
He cast the garment of his flesh that was full of death,
And like a sword his spirit showed out of the cold sheath.

He went a pace or two, he went to meet his Lord,
And, as I said, his spirit looked like a clean sword,
And seeing him the naked trees began shivering,
And all the birds cried out aloud as it were late spring.

And the Lord came down, He came down and saw
That a soul was waiting for Him, one without flaw,
And they embraced in the churchyard where the robins play,
And the daffodils hang down their heads, as they burn away.

The Lord held his head fast, and you could see
That He kissed the unsheathed ghost that was gone free
As a hot sun, on a March day, kisses the cold ground;
And the spirit answered, for he knew well that his peace was found.

The spirit trembled, and sprang up at the Lord's word,
As on a wild April day, springs a small bird,
So the ghost's feet lifting him up, he kissed the Lord's cheek,
And for the greatness of their love neither of them could speak.

But the Lord went then, to show him the way,
Over the young crocuses, under the green may;
And the ghost followed like a naked cloud holding the sun's hand.

The Water Mill (Shove)

There is a mill, an ancient one,
Brown with rain, and dry with sun,
The miller's house is joined with it
And in July the swallows flit
To and fro, in and out,
Round the windows, all about;

The mill wheel whirrs and the waters roar
Out of the dark arch by the door,
The willows toss their silver heads,
And the phloxes in the garden beds
Turn red, turn gray, with the time of day,
And smell sweet in the rain, then die away.

The miller's cat is a tabby, she
Is as lean as a healthy cat can be,
She plays in the loft, where the sunbeams stroke
The sacks' fat backs, and beetles choke
In the floury dust. The wheel goes round
And the miller's wife sleeps fast and sound.

There is a clock inside the house,
Very tall and very bright,
It strikes the hour when shadows drowse
Or showers make the windows white;
Loud and sweet, in rain and sun,
The clock strikes and the work is done.

The miller's wife and his eldest girl
Clean and cook while the mill wheels whirl.
The children take their meat to school,
And at dusk they play by the twilit pool;
Barefoot, barehead, till the day is dead,
And their mother calls them in to bed.

The supper stands on the clean-scrubbed board,
And the miller drinks like a thirsty lord;
The young men come for his daughter's sake,
But she never knows which one to take:
She drives her needle and pins her stuff,
While the moon shines gold, and the lamp shines buff.

Four songs by Gerald Finzi (1901-56)
(baritone)

Gerald Finzi's earliest songs date from just after the First World War; he continued producing them until shortly before his death in 1958. They include six cycles to poems by Thomas Hardy, whose bitter but fatalistic attitude to war, developed through a long life in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, is exemplified in the extraordinary *Channel Firing*. This song and *June on Castle Hill* were composed in 1940, just after the darkest days of the British evacuation from Dunkirk. *Rollicum-rorum*, on the other hand, comes from Hardy's novel, *The Trumpet Major*, and is a historical evocation of soldiers celebrating the timely defeat of Napoleon Bonaparte.

When I set out for Lyonesse (*Thomas Hardy*)

When I set out for Lyonesse,
A hundred miles away,
The rime was on the spray,
And starlight lit my lonesomeness
When I set out for Lyonesse
A hundred miles away.

What would bechance at Lyonesse
While I should sojourn there
No prophet durst declare,
Nor did the wisest wizard guess
What should bechance at Lyonesse
While I should sojourn there.

When I came back from Lyonesse
With magic in my eyes,
All marked with mute surmise
My radiance rare and fathomless,
When I came back from Lyonesse
With magic in my eyes!

June on Castle Hill (*F.L.Lucas*)

On its grassy brow
Not a tower now,
Not a stone:
Not a trumpet-call,
Not a hushed foot-fall,
Alone

White parsley waves its white flags far unfurled
Above a warless world.

Earth sleeps in peace;
Yet without cease
The sky
Throbs angrily
As the laden bee
Sails by,
And, with a secret sting, that sullen hum
Whispers of wars to come.

Channel Firing (*Hardy*)

That night your great guns, unawares,
Shook all our coffins as we lay,
And broke the chancel window-squares,
We thought it was the Judgement-day

And sat upright. While drearisome
Arose the howl of wakened hounds:
The mouse let fall the altar-crumbs,
The worms drew back into the mounds,

The glebe-cow drooled. Till God called, "No;
It's gunnery practice out at sea
Just as before you went below;
The world is as it used to be:

"All nations striving strong to make
Red war yet redder. Mad as hatters
They do no more for Christ's sake
Than you who are helpless in such matters.

"That this is not the judgement-hour
For some of them's a blessed thing,
For if it were they'd have to scour
Hell's floor for so much threatening . . .

"Ha, ha. It will be warmer when
I blow the trumpet (if indeed
I ever do; for you are men,
And rest eternal sorely need)."

So down we lay again. "I wonder,
Will the world ever saner be."
Said one, "than when He sent us under
In our indifferent century!"

And many a skeleton shook his head.
"Instead of preaching forty year,"
My neighbour Parson Thirdly said,
"I wish I had stuck to pipes and beer."

Again the guns disturbed the hour,
Roaring their readiness to avenge,
As far inland as Stourton Tower,
And Camelot, and star-lit Stonehenge.

Rollicum-rorum (Hardy)

When Lawyers strive to heal a breach,
And Parsons practise what they preach;
Then Boney he'll come pouncing down,
And march his men on London town!

Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lorum,
Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lay!

When Justices hold equal scales,
And Rogues are only found in jails,
Then Boney he'll come pouncing down . . . etc.

When Rich men find their wealth a curse,
And fill therewith the Poor Man's purse;
Then Boney he'll come pouncing down . . . etc.

When Husbands with their Wives agree,
And Maids won't wed from modesty;
Then Boney he'll come pouncing down . . . etc.

INTERMISSION

Eight songs by Wolf, Mahler and Strauss

These *Lieder* were composed several decades before the English songs we heard in the first half. They come from the final, late Romantic flowering of the German song repertoire, which was over by the end of the First World War - at least, as far as most composers, and audiences, were concerned. Our group centres around three settings by Mahler of poems from the collection *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, "The Youth's Magic Horn", which appeared in the early nineteenth century and was based upon traditional folk poetry. Images of war and soldiery recur frequently in these poems. Mörike, too, drew inspiration from such themes, as well as from the rustic traditions of Germany; Wolf took his lead in recreating a world of humour combined with pathos and tragedy.

The case of Richard Strauss is rather different. He is the supreme example of an artist who sought to separate, or at least distance, himself from the world of political events. His music written before and during the First World War betrays virtually no hint of the cataclysmic events taking place around him. Our three songs, indeed, promote the idea of withdrawal from the world and a longing for the seclusion of night. As the twentieth century proceeded, Strauss discovered that his very success made it impossible for him not to take sides vis-à-vis the dictatorship establishing itself in his homeland; moreover, his being the father-in-law of a Jewish woman and a collaborator with a Jewish librettist, Stefan Zweig, had inevitable results on his status. The ethics of a situation such as his will never cease to be fiercely debated.

Fussreise (*Eduard Mörike*)
(baritone)

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Journey on foot

Am frischgeschnittenen Wanderstab
Wenn ich in der Frühe
So durch die Wälder ziehe,
Hügel auf und ab:

With my fresh-cut walking staff,
early in the morning
I go through the woods,
over the hills and away.

Dann, wie's Vöglein im Laube
Singen und sich rührt,
Oder wie die gold'ne Traube
Wonnegeister spürt
In der ersten Morgensonne:

Then, like the birds in the foliage
that sing and stir,
or like the golden grapes
that trace their blissful spirits
in the first morning light:

So fühlt auch mein alter, lieber
Adam Herbst- und Frühlingsfieber,
Gottbeherzte,
Nie verscherzte
Erstlings-Paradieseswonne.

So I also feel in my heart beloved
Adam's fever of spring and autumn,
God-fearing,
but still not discarded,
the first delights of Paradise.

Also bist du nicht so schlimm, o alter
Adam, wie die strengen Lehrer sagen;
Liebst und lobst du immer doch,
Singst und preisst immer noch,
Wie an ewig neuen Schöpfungstagen,
Deinen lieben Schöpfer und Erhalter.

You are not so bad, O old
Adam, as the strict teachers say;
you still love and rejoice,
still sing and praise -
eternally, as on the day of Creation -
your beloved Creator and Preserver.

Möcht es dieser geben
Und mein ganzes Leben
Wär im leichten Wanderschweisse
Eine solche Morgenreise!

Would I could be given to this
and my whole life
would be in simple, wandering wonder
of one such morning stroll!

Verlor'ne Müh' (*Des Knaben Wunderhorn*)
(soprano/tenor)

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Wasted effort

Sie:

Büble, wir wollen aussegehe,
Wollen, wir, unserer Lämmer besehe?
Komm', lieb's Büberle, komm', ich bitt'!

Er:

Närrisches Dinterle, ich geh' dir halt nit!

Sie:

Willst vielleicht a Bissel nasche?
Hol' dir was aus meiner Tasch'!
Hol', lieb's Büberle, hol', ich bitt'!

Er:

Närrisches Dinterle, ich nasch' dir
halt nit!

Sie:

Gelt', ich soll mein Herz dir schenke?
Immer willst an mich gedenke?
Nimm's, lieb's Büberle! Nimm's,
ich bitt'!

Er:

Närrisches Dinterle, ich mag es halt nit!

She:

Laddie, you will go out with me,
will you not, our little lambkins to see?
Come, dear laddie, come, do!

He:

Foolish wee lassie, I'll not go with you!

She:

Would you then have a little snack?
Get a bite from out my sack!
Get it, laddie dear, do get it!

He:

Foolish wee lassie, I want no snack
from you!

She:

Say, am I to give you my heart, then?
You will always remember me?
Take it, dear laddie, do take it!

He:

Foolish wee lassie, I don't want it!

Aus! Aus! (*Des Knaben Wunderhorn*)
(soprano/baritone)

Mahler

Out! Out!

Er:
Heute marschieren wir! Juchhe, juchhe,
im grünen Mai!
Morgen marschieren wir zu dem hohen
Thor hinaus! Aus!

He:
We're marching today! Huzza, in
green May!
Out through the high gate we'll be
marching tomorrow! Out!

Sie:
Reis't du denn schon fort?
Je! Je! Mein Liebster!
Kommst niemals wieder heim?
Je! Je! Mein Liebster!

She:
You're already leaving?
Ah, me! My dearest!
Won't you ever come home?
Ah, me! My dearest!

Er:
Heute marschieren wir, juchhe,
im grünen Mai!
Ei, du schwarzbraun's Mägdelein,
Uns're Lieb' ist noch nicht aus!
Trink du ein Gläschen Wein
Zur Gesundheit dein und mein!
Siehst du diesen Strauss am Hut?
Jetzt heisst's marschieren gut!
Nimm das Tüchlein aus der Tasch',
Deine Thränlein mit abwasch'!
Heute marschieren wir . . . etc.

He:
We're marching today, huzza, in
green May!
Hey, you nut-brown maid,
Our love's not yet over!
Raise a glass of wine
to your health and mine!
Do you see this nosegay in my hat?
It's now time to march!
Take the kerchief out of your pocket
and wipe away your little tears!
We're marching today . . . etc.

Sie:
Ich will in's Kloster geh'n, weil mein
Schatz davon geht!
Wo geht's denn hin, mein Schatz?
Gehst du fort, heut' schon fort?
Und kommst nimmer wieder?
Ach! Wie wird's traurig sein hier in
dem Städtchen!
Wie bald vergisst du mein! Ich armes
Mädchen!

She:
I'll become a nun, since my
sweetheart is leaving me!
Where are you going, my sweetheart?
Are you going away today?
And you'll never return?
Ah! How sad it will be here in our
little town!
How soon you'll forget me! Poor girl
that I am!

Er:

Morgen marschieren wir, juchhe, im
grünen Mai!
Tröst' dich, mein lieber Schatz, im Mai
Blüh'n gar viel Blümelein!
Die Lieb' ist noch nicht aus! Aus! Aus!

He:

Tomorrow we'll march, huzza, in
green May!
Cheer up, my sweetheart, many
flowers blossom in May!
Love's not over yet! Out! Out!

Der Tambour (*Eduard Mörike*)
(tenor)

Wolf

Wenn meine Mutter Hexen könnt',
Da müsst' sie mit dem Regiment
Nach Frankreich, überall mit hin,
Und wär die Marketenderin.

If my mother could work magic,
she'd go with the regiment
to France and everywhere
and be the vivandière.

Im Lager wohl um Mitternacht,
Wenn Niemand auf ist als die Wacht,
Und alles schnarchet, Ross und
Mann,
Vor meine Trommel säss' ich dann;

In camp, at midnight,
when no one's up save the guard,
and everyone, horse and man, is
snoring,
then by my drum I'd sit;

Die Trommel müsst' eine Schüssel sein;
Ein warmes Sauerkraut darein;
Die Schlegel, Messer und Gabel,
Eine lange Wurst mein Sabel,

My drum would be a bowl
of hot sauerkraut,
the sticks would be knife and fork,
my sabre, a long sausage;

Mein Tschako wär' ein Humpen gut,
Den füll' ich mit Burgunderblut.
Und weil es mir an Lichte fehlt,
Da scheint der Mond in mein Gezelt:

My shako would be a tankard
filled with red Burgundy.
And because I lack light,
The moon shines into my tent:

Scheint er auch auf franzö'sch herein,
Mir fällt doch meine Liebste ein;
Ach weh! Jetzt hat der Spass ein End!
- Wenn nur meine Mutter hexen
könn't!

and though it shines in French,
it still reminds me of my beloved;
oh dear! There's an end to my fun!
- If only my mother could work
magic!

Wenn die schönen Trompeten blasen (*Des Knaben Wunderhorn*)
(soprano)

Mahler

Where the shining trumpets blow

"Wer ist den draussen, und wer klopft an,
Der mich so leise wecken kann?"
"Das ist der Herzallerliebste dein;
Steh' auf und lass mich zu dir ein!
Was soll ich hier nun länger steh'n?
Ich seh' die Morgenröt' aufgeh'n,
Die Morgenröt' zwei helle Stern'.
Bei meinem Schatz da wär' ich gern',
Bei meinem Herzallerlieble!"

"Who knocks there, and who can it
be that so softly wakens me?"
"It is your heart's best-beloved;
Get up and let me in to you!
Why should I stand here longer?
I see the red of morning appear,
the red of morning, two bright stars.
I want to be with my treasure,
with my heart's beloved!"

Das Mädchen stand auf und liess ihn ein,
Sie heisst ihn auch willkommen sein.
"Willkommen, lieber Knabe mein!
So lang hast du gestanden!"
Sie reicht' ihm auch die schneeweisse
Hand.

The maiden arose and let him in,
she bade him welcome, too.
"O welcome, my dear boy!
So long have you been standing!"
She gave him also her snow-white
hand.

Von ferne sang die Nachtigall;
Das Mädchen fing zu weinen an.
"Ach weine nicht, du Liebste mein!
Auf's Jahr sollst du mein Eigen sein.
Mein Eigen sollst du werden gewiss,
Wie's keine sonst auf Erden ist!
O Lieb auf grüner Erden.

The nightingale sang from afar;
the maiden began to weep.
"O weep not, my love!
In a year you will be mine own.
Mine own you shall become,
as none on earth is!
O love on the green earth.

"Ich zieh' in Krieg auf grüne Haid',
Die grüne Haide, die ist so weit!
Allwo dort die schönen Trompeten
blasen,
Da ist mein Haus von grünen Rasen!"

"I go to war on the green heath,
the green heath that is so far!
There where the shining trumpets
blow,
there is my house of green sod!"

Nachtgang (*Otto Julius Bierbaum*), Op.29/3
(baritone)

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Night stroll

Wir gingen durch die stille,
milde Nacht,
Dein Arm in meinem, dein Auge in
Meinem.
Der Mond goss silbernes Licht über
dein Angesicht,

We strolled through the silent,
warm night,
Your arm in mine, your eye in mine.
The moon poured silver light on
your face,

Wie auf Goldgrund ruhte dein schönes
Haupt.

As though your fair head rested on
gold.

Und du erschienst mir wie eine Heilige,
Mild und gross und seelenübertoll,

And you appeared to me like an angel,
Gentle and great and overflowing
with soul,

Heilig und rein wie die liebe Sonne.

Holy and pure as the dear sun.

Und in die Augen schwoll mir ein
warmer Drang

And in my eyes swelled urgent
warmth,

Wie Tränenahnung.

as of impending tears.

Fester fasst' ich dich und küsste
dich ganz leise.

I held you tighter and kissed you
very softly.

Meine Seele weinte.

My soul wept.

Morgen! (*John Henry Mackay*), Op.27/4
(soprano)

Strauss

Tomorrow!

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder
Scheinen,

And tomorrow the sun will shine
again,

Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen
werde,

and on the path that I shall take

Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder
Einen,

it will reunite us, lucky ones,

Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde.

amid this sun-breathing earth.

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten,
wogenblauen,

And to the beach, broad and blue-
waved,

Werden wir still und langsam
niedersteigen,

We shall climb down, silent
and slow,

Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen
Schauen,

speechless we shall gaze in each
other's eyes,

Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes
stummes Schweigen . . .

And the speechless silence of
happiness will fall upon us . . .

Heimliche Aufforderung (*John Henry Mackay*), Op. 27/3
(tenor)

Strauss

Secret Invitation

Auf, hebe die funkelnde Schale
Empor zum Mund,
Und trinke beim Freudenmahle
Dein Herz gesund.

Raise the sparkling cup
up to your lips,
and drink at the joyous feast
Your heart's fill.

Und wenn du sie hebst, so winke
Mir Heimlich zu,
Dann lächle ich und dann trinke
Ich still wie du. . .

And when you raise it, wink
secretly at me,
then I'll smile and drink
quietly, like you . . .

Und still gleich mir betrachte
Um uns das Heer
Der trunkenen Schwätzer - verachte
Sie nicht zu sehr.

And quietly as I, look around
at the crowd
of drunken revellers - don't think
too ill of them.

Nein, hebe die blinkende Schale,
Gefüllt mit Wein,
Und lass beim lärmenden Mahle
Sie glücklich sein.

No, lift the twinkling cup,
filled with wine,
and at the noisy meal
let them be happy.

Doch hast du das Mahl genossen,
Den Durst gestillt,
Dann verlasse der lauten Genossen
Festfreudiges Bild,

But when you've savoured the meal,
quenched your thirst,
then quit the loud throng's
joyful feast,

Und wandle hinaus in den Garten
Zum Rosenstrauch,
Dort will ich dich dann erwarten
Nach altem Brauch,

and wander out to the garden
to the rosebush,
there I will await you,
as of old,

Und will an die Brust dir sinken,
Eh' du's gehofft,
Und deine Küsse trinken,
Wie ehmal's oft,

and will sink on your breast,
before you know it,
and drink your kisses,
as often before,

Und flechten in deine Haare
Der Rose Pracht.
O komm, du wunderbare,
Ersehnte Nacht!

and twine in your hair
the rose's splendour.
O come, you wondrous,
longed-for night!

Aldeburgh is the small town on the east coast of England where Benjamin Britten, Peter Pears and Eric Crozier founded the Festival of Music which flourishes to this day. Artistic Directors Stephen Ralls and Bruce Ubukata have visited and worked there for many summers, as have many of the singers who appear with the Aldeburgh Connection.

Aviva Fortunata Wilks began her musical training in her home town of Calgary, where she took roles in many musical theatre productions. In 2007, she made her staged operatic debut as the Second Lady in *Die Zauberflöte* with the Halifax Summer Opera Workshop. This past summer, she appeared as Apollonia in Haydn's *La canterina* at the Centre for Opera in Sulmona, Italy. Aviva has also participated in summer programmes in Lucca, Italy, in the Rising Star Singer's Audition Works (Indiana) and at the Oberlin Conservatory Vocal Academy. She is a fourth year student in the Bachelor of Music programme in Vocal Performance at the University of Toronto, where she studies with Darryl Edwards.

Frank Mutya is currently attending the Faculty of Music at the University of Toronto, under the tutelage of tenor, Darryl Edwards. Roles he has played include Hoffmann in Offenbach's *Les Contes d'Hoffmann* and Lysander in Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, both with Opera Nuova, Rinuccio in Puccini's *Gianni Schicchi* with the Little Opera Company and Don Curzio in *Le nozze di Figaro* at the Centre for Opera, Sulmona, Italy. Most recently, Frank returned to Italy where he performed the role of Ferrando in Act I of *Così fan tutte*. In December, he will be appearing as the Witch in *Hansel and Gretel* for the Opera Division's Opera Tea at the University of Toronto.

Jeremy Ludwig has recently appeared as Robinson in Cimarosa's *Il matrimonio segreto* at the University of Toronto. This past summer, he took the role of Schaunard in *La Bohème* in Sulmona, Italy. Other recent opera credits include the King in Handel's *Ariodante*, Belcore in *L'elisir d'amore*, Marullo in *Rigoletto* for Brampton Lyric Opera, Achilla in Handel's *Giulio Cesare* (Halifax Summer Opera Workshop) and Krušina in *The Bartered Bride* (Opera Nuova). Jeremy began his musical training in his native British Columbia at Kwantlen University College, moving to Ontario to complete his undergraduate degree at the University of Western Ontario under the tutelage of Alvin Reimer. He is now in the second year of the Master's in Music programme at the University of Toronto, studying with Darryl Edwards.

Bruce Ubukata has established a reputation as one of Canada's leading accompanists, working with singers such as soprano Mary Lou Fallis (in her one-woman shows *Primadonna*, *Mrs Bach* and *Fräulein Mozart*) and mezzo Catherine Robbin, in recital engagements in Canada and France. He toured

British Columbia in performances with soprano Donna Brown and Catherine Robbin. In addition to a long association with the Canadian Children's Opera Chorus, his other musical activities have included performances with the Toronto Symphony, the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir, the Elmer Iseler Singers and the Canadian Opera Company, as well as regular summer engagements on the staff of the Britten-Pears School in Aldeburgh, England. His recordings include *Liebeslieder and Folksongs* for CBC Records, the *Britten Canticles* on the Marquis label and the Aldeburgh Connection's two recent CDs, the Juno-nominated *Schubert among friends* and *Our own songs*. Mr Ubukata is also an accomplished organist and harpsichordist.

For more information on our season, visit our website:

www.aldeburghconnection.org

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development of young artists as a future investment in the power
of the arts to enrich our lives and enhance our communities.

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